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SANZIO.

BY STUART STERNE, AUTHOR OF "ANGELO."

(Continued from page 97.)

So Sanzio joyfully,
While the bright, slanting sunbeams, that at last
Had burst their cloudy veil, moved on before them,
Led her about, showed and interpreted,
While she, with glad, untiring eagerness,
Listened and looked, — upon the long, gray walls
Covered with dabs of color and black lines,
That, if one watched, slowly resolved themselves
Now into countless fair, fantastic shapes,
Then melted back into a strange confusion;
Upon the bits of canvas in gay tints,
Or the white heads and faces, feet and hands,
Hung pell-mell here and there; and yonder stood
Two marble figures towering high, though one
Had lost its head, the other both its arms.
And glancing past them, Benedetta knelt
To turn the sheets of paper on the floor,
That lay there scattered broad-cast, and scrawled full
Of twisted lines and circles like the walls,
Till Sanzio told her, laughing, 't was in vain
She burrowed there for any hidden gem;
Found in one distant corner of the room
A curious, wide-mouthed urn of blackened silver,
Filled to the top with rose-leaves faintly sweet.
Long, long ago, Sanzio related, ere
The dear Christ-child was born at Bethlehem,
Some unknown skillful workman wrought this vase,
'Mid a great people perished from the earth.
Men laboring in the fields discovered it
Of late, deep in the ground, — thus it came here.
And near it stood a dish of finest glass
Shaped like an open lily, where she saw,
With bits of scarlet coral, pearly white
And delicate pink and amber-tinted shells.
Ay, Sanzio said, they lay so many years
Upon the shores of the eternal sea,
Their little shallow cups had caught at last
Some faint reflection of the sunset glory
That flooded them a thousand times. A fan
Of gorgeous peacock feathers, spreading wide,
Nodded above them, and near by, in yet
Another corner, Benedetta marked
A crimson mantle, and blue, silken robe,
A trailing piece of precious cloth of gold,
And many more of various hues, that looked
Like purple and fine linen, — heedlessly
Tossed over dusty chairs.

But, best of all,
Sanzio turned kindly, at her earnest prayer,
The faces of great pictures from the walls,
And showed her much she had not yet beheld
Of all his noblest labors, though he said
Of this and that, 't was but the first poor sketch;
This had been ordered from beyond the sea;
And that had crossed the mountains. One of them,
A sweet Madonna, seated, with bent head,
Her happy arms clasped round the Blessed Babe
That nestled on her bosom. Then an image
Of that fair Saint who first from heaven drew down
The power of music to the thirsty earth, —
Amid a group of other stately forms
Standing erect and rapt, her purest face
Turned upward to a chanting angel-choir.

And yet another, of that gracious Saint
Who conquered ill by her sole innocence.
She walked alone, — behind her sombre trees, —
Her beauteous limbs scarce hidden by the robe
Whose folds one slender hand held gathered back
From the nude, tender feet, while in the other
She bore a branch of palm. Thus fearlessly,
The godly peace unbroken on her brow,
And fiery halo round the golden head,
She stepped upon the pointy, jagged wings
Of the fierce dragon, who with monstrous coils,
And fiery jaws wide open, rolled and writhed
Powerless to right and left.

And so at length,
Making their round about the whole wide room,
They came to that great picture, half complete,
Whereon he labored still, and even this
He turned and showed. A heavenly Virgin-mother,
Bearing the little Jesus in her arms,
And floating upward on light clouds; beside
And yet beneath her, other forms, two Saints,
A woman, and a noble, grave old man;
And further still below, close to her feet,
Two marvelous fair child-angels, with small wings,
Both gazing up, in rapt, adoring joy,
Their sweetest eyes lost in the heavens beyond.
And Benedetta when she first saw these
Cried out in wonder and delight: "O Sanzio!
What rosy limbs, and dimpled little hands!
Oh, would that I might hold them in my arms,
And kiss their lips and eyes! This right one here,
With upturned face, he is like you, methinks!"
Then following the little angel's glance,
And reverently, yet all unconsciously
Folding her hands, she softly said, and spoke
As to herself: "And what a grave, wise look,
Wears the Beloved Babe on his sweet face! —
And I am to be here among all these, —
Nay, how should I be worthy of such greatness!"
My darling! Oh, I would most joyfully
Make all the world your footstool! Sanzio's heart
Cried out within him, yet he suffered not
The words to pass his lips, but gazed at her
With a glad, silent smile. And now, when she
Was well content that naught was left unseen,
He bade her sit and rest on the small couch
Where he was wont sometimes to pause from work,
When that grew wearisome, — he standing near
On the great tawny lion-skin stretched out
Upon the floor, and showing plainly still
The outlines of the mighty head and paws.
"What is this?" asked she, planting her small feet
Where once the full, dark mane had flowed.

He told her,

And how it came from countries far away,
Filled with wide deserts, where the sun was hot,
And bred strange beasts and birds and flowers and trees.
"Fancy," he said, "how dismal for some late
Lone traveler, if at fall of night, perchance,
He hears a stealthy rustle 'mid the reeds,
And sees the gleaming of two fiery eyes,
And suddenly, with a fierce, resounding roar,
A lion leaps on him and his poor horse,
And strikes his teeth into his panting flanks!"

Unwittingly she drew her feet away,
A shade of trouble flitting o'er her face.
It faded in a moment, and her cheek
Dimpled and faintly flushed, and looking up
She said, "Nay, I am like a foolish child!"
"And would you be afraid in that wild land?"
He smiling asked. "No, — yes, — no, not with you,
If you were with me there!" And for the first time
She of her own free will reached out her hand,
And put it into his, who with delight
Close clasped and held it fast. But suddenly
She drew it back and asked, with earnestness,
Returning now at length upon the words
She left unfinished when she entered first, —
"But tell me how it is I find you here!
Anna went out this afternoon, and I,
Left all alone, wandered about the house,
And curiously peeped into many rooms,
Finding them still and empty all, save this.
You do not live here? Nay, it cannot be,
Methought you came a distance every day,
In from the street!"

"And so I did! I flung
My cap upon my head," he gayly cried,
"And passed through one door out into the street,
And by another then as speedily back,
Into the house where I have dwelled long years!"

She looked at him in silence. Then again
Most gravely, "Mayhap you can tell me, too,
Why Anna scarce remembers aught of us,
My father and my grandam and myself,
Whom she was wont to know and love so well,
For when I question her, she shakes her head,
Or gives me answers all awry!"

And now

He broke into a peal of merry laughter:

"Dear, innocent, simple heart! Your Anna long
Has been at rest in Abraham's lap, I trust,
And pray she may be softly pillowed there,
For I could find her nowhere!"

But he saw
That in her face his mirth found no response,
And sobered in a moment, while she said, —
And Sanzio fancied that her lips grew white, —
"You told us all was well, and we believed you!"

Then briefly he recounted his device,
And added, "Nina's heart is true as gold,
And could your mother know she were well pleased" —
But she seemed scarce to hear, and suddenly said,
"You have deceived us then, — me and my mother;
That was not well in you!" Her voice was low,
And a strange, shadowy look in the wide eyes
She fixed upon his face.

He bit his lip,

Flushing and paling swiftly, then moved off
And strode with hasty paces through the room,
While he tossed back his hair impatiently;
And then returning close to her again,
Said, though his voice and eyes were half unsteady,
"You give a hard name to a petty fault,
And make me suffer heavy penalty,
For what methinks may scarce be called a sin!"

She sat in silence, with her eyes cast down,
And he went on, — his voice, that had grown firm,
Now quivering with so strange a thrill again,
That Benedetta started at the sound, —
"And if a fault, a wrong, a sin there was,
It was committed but for love of you!
But for I saw no other means to gain
The innocent cause I pleaded. I protest
My work in truth has need of you! — and for
I must have perished could I not have looked
Upon your face again! Ay, Benedetta,
Wherefore not tell you now, in simple words,
What every breath of life, each rapturous throbbing
In this glad soul, that lives but on your sight,
Surely has long ere this confessed to you, —
I love you! with a love too passing great,
For mortal tongue to utter half my heart!"

Still while he spoke she gave no sign, but bowed
Her head still lower, the small, dark ringlets quivering
On the white, bended neck, and even now
When pausing he stretched out his hands to her,
She made no faintest answer, but he saw
How the hot blood rushed over brow and neck,
And that she shook and trembled like a leaf.
But when he would have clasped her in his arms,
She sprang up suddenly, broke away, and fled
Into the furthest corner of the room,
And cowering like a child down on the floor,
Her face hid in the hands upon her knees,
Burst into passionate tears.

For one brief moment

He stood confounded and irresolute,
Then flew to her and knelt beside her. "Love! —
My darling Love! — my Bird! — my bright-eyed Fawn! —
Wherefore these tears? Will you not answer me,
By one small word, — give but a sign!" he cried
In passionate tenderness, and would have drawn
Her hands from off her face with gentle force.
But she resisted, and loud sobs alone
Came for reply.

"My Own, my Benedetta,
My Queen, my sweetest Saint! — can you not then
Pardon, forgive me? Ay, 't is but too true,
I love you with the power of all my soul,
And 't was my happiness to think, — perchance, —
But yet forgive me if I startled you
By my too hot and hasty words! Forget
That they were ever spoken! For I pray
Not now aught other favor at your hands,
But that you grant me still a few brief days
The joy to look on you as heretofore, —
Kneeling to do you homage, — from afar
To worship at your shrine, Madonna mine!"
He cried again, deep grief and yearning love
Mingled in his entreating, pleading voice:
But still he sued in vain, still waited breathless
For some response.

And so at last sprang up,
Turned from her with a gesture half despair,
Half swift, impatient wrath, and pressing close
The arms he folded on his breast, as though
To still the mighty beating of his heart,
Said in a strange, cold voice, "Then we must part!
To-morrow, with the earliest, I will find
Some one to take you safely home!"

And thus

Walked to the window, and stood looking out
With stormy brow, and dark, unseeing eyes,
And pallid lips so firmly closed and set,
As though they could unbend and smile no more;
Stood thus in silence for a little time,

And motionless, yet fancied that he heard
Her sobs grow fainter, and then cease, and then
A movement and a gentle step close by,
But would not look around, till suddenly
Two clinging arms were flung about his neck,
And a soft, whispering voice cried pleadingly,
Close to his ear, "Oh, no, send me not from you!
'Twould break my heart, — I love you, Sanzio mine!"

Then he turned swiftly with a joyous cry,
And strained her to his heart in breathless rapture,
And raised the tender, brightly flushing face
She trembling hid upon his breast, and kissed
Again and yet again the dewy lips,
That shyly half, but with glad willingness
Yielded themselves to him, and timidly
Responded to his own, and quivered still,
Though a faint smile played round them like a light,
While yet her eyes o'erflowed with great, round drops,
Until he kissed the swelling tears away,
Remembering the sweet blossoms in the wood,
And she as in a fleeting, happy swoon,
Closing her eyes an instant, laid her head
Upon his breast once more.

Thus arm in arm
The lovers stood a while in blissful silence,
Each hearing but the other's throbbing heart,
While the red sunlight flooded all the world
With a last burst of brightness, — gazing out
O'er the Eternal City's wide expanse,
That stretched far, far below.

(To be continued.)

— TONE-QUALITY. —

BY GEORGE T. BULLING.

It is a question worth the serious asking, whether the power of tone-quality in musical sounds is as generally recognized by the musicians of our day as it deserves to be. Brilliant and voluble execution, and the startling dynamic effects which characterize many modern musical compositions, are deadly enemies to delicate poetry of tone. True, the blare of sound which, when translated from a score of Brahms, or of Wagner, often falls upon our ears with an impressive, if not with an expressive effect, is a complicated musical sound, but it will take years of ear training to convince us that it does not approximate to downright noise. The comparatively vast resources of modern instrumentation prompt the deeply thinking composer to extravagant combinations of tone-quality, and to strongly contrasted volumes of tone. That this innovation is in keeping with the æsthetic and the intellectual progress of the day, no liberal minded person will deny. Yet, this noisy advance of the army of free musical thought is prone, for the time at least, to crush under foot the musician's delicate and subtle sensibility to tone-quality.

Nor does this assumed fatal facility of the orchestra alone threaten the destruction of the finer and more poetic musical effects. The demand of the people at large is for quantity instead of quality of musical sound. When a grand musical performance is contemplated, the anticipated grandeur is too often measured by the numbers to take part in the performance, and by the consequent amplitude and intensity of dynamic effect to be produced, just as if the attribute of grandeur did not as truly lie in quality, as in quantity, of tone. Monster jubilees and festivals, with their concomitant rhythmic and dynamic effect, produced by the discharge of loaded cannon at the thesis of the measure in the music, and of musketry at the arsis, merely supply outward excitement to the people, instead of inciting them to true inward musical enthusiasm. If you should ask a conscientious musician, after he had attended

such a gigantic concert, which numbers of the programme he enjoyed best, he would be very likely to answer in favor of those which were not chorus and orchestra, nor cannon and musketry.

Helmholtz has clearly proved to us that most musical tones contain harmonic upper partial tones, and that the order in which those over-tones occur in a musical sound explains its individual quality. If expressive musical effects are attained through harmony proper, how much more delicate are the effects which may be wrought by the variously combined harmonics in a musical sound. The power of tone is no more to be analyzed than is the power of music itself. You may get an answer to the scientific How? but when you ask Why? it is that quality of tone has such an influence over you, an explanation is as impossible as it is unnecessary. It is sufficient that you should study the function of tone, and the chief rules of its existence. If it were possible to define accurately the effect of tone-quality upon our sensibilities, it would be no difficult matter to translate music into words. Fortunately, there is no prospect of either of these deplorable acts being committed.

One of the reasons why composers regard the orchestra as the most potent means by which to express their musical thoughts is because of the varied tone-quality of the instruments, and the multifarious combinations of which these are capable. Then again, as expression and tone-quality are almost inseparable companions, the orchestra also allows full scope to the former attribute by reason of its power to decrease or increase, at the composer's will, the amplitude of its tonal vibrations. In this connection, the only rival of the orchestra is the human voice, if an instrument of musical expression so specific and essentially different, can at all be considered a rival. An orchestral composition is purely abstract music, and is of a much higher order than vocal music, the sentiment of which is suggested to the composer by the signification of the words which he sets. Yet, as a means of expression, any musical instrument is dead, dull, and imitative, when compared to the cultivated human voice.

The shades of tone-quality in instruments, and in the human voice, are infinitely various, and are the foundations of characteristic expression. The purity, mellowness, and balance of tone in an instrument or a voice constitute its chief excellence. Correctness of intonation is indispensable to the exhibition of a pure quality of tone; therefore, the tempered scales of the piano-forte, or the organ, admit of tones inferior in musical force and purity to those which may be drawn from the violin. The natural quality of a voice is much improved by singing with an efficient orchestral, instead of with a piano-forte or organ accompaniment, because a keener sense of correct and pure tone is gained and maintained by the singer. The clearness and strength of tone which Wilhelmj draws from the violin is greatly to be accounted for by his power of exact intonation. It is well known that the ear is unable to distinguish marked shades of tone-quality in an orchestra playing out of tune. So, too, a note strained in the sounding, until it pro-

duces discordant over-tones, is deprived of its normal characteristic color.

The finer shades of tone-quality do not impress all people with precisely the same effect, no more than does music itself. The more striking attributes, such as the sombre and the clear tones, are unanimously recognized, just as the mournful in musical strains may be distinguished from the joyful. But you may depend upon it that the scrupulously exact observer, who informs you that a certain shade of tone-quality implies longing, is sure to meet with an equally exact observer who will prove to him that it means resignation. The innumerable adjectives by which each particular shade of tone-quality in music is qualified by many critics is a fact alone sufficient to prove that the English language is wonderfully rich in epithet. Yet, perhaps it is to be regretted that even this wealth of epithet is not commensurate with the countless shades of tone-quality in music.

Each musical instrument possesses an individuality characterized by its tone-quality. A strain written for the violin loses its inherent character when it is played upon the viola. Still less does its composer recognize it, when it is played upon the oboe. The melody remains the same, but its peculiar character as conceived by the composer is altered. The individual color of tone in orchestral instruments is classed into groups composed of instruments nearest related to each other in quality of tone. The wood, brass, and stringed instruments, are the broader divisions of tone-quality from which infinite varieties of tone-color may be drawn by the genius of the composer. Take any worthy orchestral composition, and in your mind's ear imagine that a part written for the strings alone, is played by the wood. You hardly recognize the music in its new character. Now imagine that you hear this particular part played by the brass; whereupon you are given a burlesque upon the original conception of the music. Hence, then, the reason why a work composed for any instrument, or any group of instruments, loses its color by being arranged in a form which is at variance with its original conception. It would almost be as reasonable to rearrange the colors in the master-work of a painter. An orchestral symphony arranged for the piano-forte is perhaps enjoyable enough in that way, but it is too much like a photograph of a bouquet of flowers — its color and fragrance are missing.

It is not difficult to recognize the characteristic qualities of the various keys in music. Yet, with the musician, these qualities are of a subjective and relative, rather than of an objective and positive nature. It is generally conceded that the key of E major is bright and strong, A-flat major tender and dreamy, C major bold and manly, and so on, but compositions may be written in any of the keys with an effect which will flatly contradict their widely accepted character of tone. Moreover, it is possible to write a pathetic and mournful phrase in a major key, whereas a minor key can be made the vehicle of the gayest of scherzi. But with all this width of argument which is granted us, we cannot rid ourselves of the fact that a composition, conceived and expressed in a certain key, loses a

great deal of its intrinsic and characteristic value by being transposed into another key from that to which it by birthright belongs.

MR. EBENEZER PROUT'S "HEREWARD."

[All the London journals have more or less elaborate accounts of the new Cantata composed by the musical critic of the *Academy*, who ranks among the most earnest and accomplished of living English musicians. It was performed for the first time on the 4th of June, at St. James's Hall, by the Borough of Hackney Choral Association, of which Mr. Prout is the Conductor. We select, for the present, the notice of the *Musical Standard*.]

It is, we believe, the first work of the kind written by him, his other compositions embracing orchestral and chamber music only. It was, therefore, with a great deal of curiosity that the musical world anticipated the performance of his cantata, "Hereward the Wake," founded upon and illustrating the following narrative:—

Hereward, the son of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, and the famous Lady Godiva, had caused much pain to his pious mother, and much annoyance to the neighborhood of Bourne, where she resided, by a series of youthful indiscretions, committed at the head of a band of comrades as lawless as himself. He brings his excesses to a climax by way-laying and robbing Herluin, a priest, against whom he has a long-standing grievance. Herluin denounces him to his mother, who, unable to pardon an offense committed against the church, banishes her son. This scene forms the subject of Part I. Hereward makes his name famous by a number of daring exploits performed during his wanderings, and at length arrives at Flanders, and takes service under Baldwin. At St. Omer dwells a noble lady named Torfrida, whose accomplishments in advance of the age have gained for her a reputation for supernatural power, a belief which her contemplative and mystic character half fosters within herself. She has already become interested in Hereward, through hearing of his fame, but they have not met when Part II. opens. Hereward encounters Ascelin, Torfrida's whilom champion, in a tournament, defeats him, and takes from him the ribbon which he wears as the token of her favor. Hereward brings the token to Torfrida, presenting himself to her in disguise, pretending to be Siward, his own nephew. Her quick perception, however, penetrates his disguise, and she avows her love, to which he passionately responds. Their marriage follows, and the festivities bring Part II. to a close. A short period of happiness and repose is now disturbed by the arrival of a messenger bringing news of the accession of Harold Godwinsson, his triumph at Stamford over Harold Hardrada, the great Norse hero; of the defeat and death of Harold by William of Normandy; of the misery and oppression endured by his fellow-countrymen at the hands of the Normans; and of the occupation of his own ancestral home at Bourne by the invader. Fired by the news, Hereward calls his followers together, sails for England with his wife, clears Bourne of the foe, is elected by the Saxons their commander in the camp of refuge at Ely, and by his own daring, and that of his followers, aided by the wise counsels and inspiring presence

of Torfrida, defeats William in a great battle, and defies all the Conqueror's attempts to storm his camp. This victory brings Part III. to an end. Artifice and the treachery of the monks at last accomplish what valor has been powerless to attain. William becomes master of Ely; and Hereward, having cut his way out sword in hand, and having defied the Normans for a long time in the greenwood, is at length induced by the wiles of Alfrida, a noble Saxon lady, and by the offers of William, who is struck with admiration of his bravery, to give in his submission to the Norman king, who restores him his estates, and bestows on him many marks of favor. Torfrida, his wife, persuaded by monkish counsels that her influence over Hereward had been gained by magic arts, and that the same worldly spells had inspired his great deeds, consents to a divorce and retires to a convent. The Norman nobles, inflamed with revenge at past defeats, and jealousy at the favors bestowed by William, conspire against Hereward; and taking him unawares and without armor, slay him, though not till the greater part of their number have fallen before his desperate resistance. Torfrida, hearing of her husband's death, hastens to Bourne, and consoles his mourning countrymen by a prophetic anticipation of the future glories of a country which can boast of such mighty heroes as Hereward. Her prophecy brings the work to a close.

It will be seen that the composer set himself no ordinary task when he undertook to give a vocal representation of these stirring incidents with which the public are more or less familiar by perusal of Mr. Kingsley's graphic historical novel, "Hereward the Wake." Mr. Prout was, however, on safe ground, and completely in his element in his work, especially in the instrumental support given to the voices. The story, as told in the four parts of the cantata, is loosely connected, but sufficiently strung together to maintain the interest of the narrative. After a short introduction, the scene opens with a chorus of Hereward's followers, "Landless and Lawless" (*allegro feroce*), written with great vigor, and at once indicating the character of the whole work. In this, as in all the music in which Hereward appears, there is a special style which the listener learns to associate with his appearance. This is followed by a chorus, or rather hymn, of Godiva's ladies, "Salve Regina." Then enters the priest with his complaint to Lady Godiva, who, in recitative, condemns her son to banishment, and joins with him and Herluin in a cleverly-worked-out trio. A tenor song, "Farewell my boyhood's home," is succeeded by a double chorus, entitled "Bring forth the beaker," in which appears the most beautiful effect of the work, namely, the combination of a hymn sung by Lady Godiva's ladies, represented by sopranos and altos, and a drinking song given out by the tenors and basses. The novel device was very successful, and to our thinking the chorus was the gem of the performance. Part II. commences with a chorus of Torfrida's ladies, "Bright is the day," in which the pizzicato work of the strings is used very happily. This is followed by a scena, "T is all in vain," a duet,

"Hail, maiden fair," and a bridal march and chorus, "Strike the harp." Part III. introduces a chorus of English, "Mourn, Anglia," the solo of the messenger with the evil news, Hereward's call to arms, and a chorus on board ship, "Wafted by east wind." Then we are introduced to William's court, at Winchester, and are shown the reception of the Wake's reply to the Conqueror's summons to surrender, followed by a "March of Normans." The succeeding scene is the battle, described in soli and double choruses, and closes Part III. The IVth Part is occupied with Hereward's fall and death, containing a recitative and air by Alfrida, "Hail, the might of woman, hail," a trio, "Great Norman, thine is Hereward's arm," a chorus of Normans, "Gleemen lift a tuneful strain," a scena, "Ah! restless is the peace," the attack of Norman knights, and the death of Hereward. Then succeeds a recitative by Torfrida, "What sound is floating," a chorus of Saxons, "Weep for the Viking slain," and the finale, solo and chorus, "A glorious vision." Mr. Prout has proved himself a thorough musician by his treatment of these numbers, and the orchestration is in many places gorgeous in its coloring. That the cantata is strikingly original cannot be said; that it is, strictly speaking, original at all, can hardly be vouched for; reminiscences of well-known phrases frequently occur to the listener's mind, ranging from Handel's well-known style to the modern "Ancient Mariner" of Mr. J. F. Barnett. That it is the work of an intensely earnest musician, possessing intimate and extensive knowledge of the resources of an orchestra, and the capabilities of the human voice, is without doubt. He has been ably assisted in his work by the libretto written by Mr. William Grist; and his conceptions were nobly carried out by the body of musicians assembled. The Hackney Choral Association has reason to be proud of the performance. The composer has spared neither soloists nor chorus—the latter having to touch C in alt. on two occasions, and the former being taxed to their utmost in some of the numbers. Mrs. Os-good sang all the music of Torfrida; Miss Marian Williams the music of Alfrida; the comparatively small parts of Godiva, and Leofevin, a page, were filled by Miss Mary Davies. Mr. Barton McGuckin represented Hereward; and Mr. King, William the Conqueror; and Mr. Prout conducted. The soloists had a very arduous task, but they came triumphantly out of it, and gained great applause. Mr. Prout very wisely and properly resisted numerous attempts to obtain encores, and was satisfied with the gratifying reception of his work as evidenced by the enthusiasm of the audience throughout the evening.

THE INFLUENCE OF DISPLAY IN MUSIC.

BY CHARLES H. BRITTAN.

THERE is an unfortunate aim at display for exterior or vain purposes that sometimes passes into the realm of art, and causes a disturbance which, if not righted, tends to a demoralization of the very principles upon which art rests. This disposition of humanity which cultivates the appearance, and attempts to reach results by the effect of dazzling displays, is an element that

is unsound in principle, and calculated to mislead not only those who come in contact with its influence but the very possessor of the trait; for, considering it in its correct relation to ultimate good, it is false in motive and in aim. As a people, the American nation makes appearance a positive element in its character, and cultivates a love for display to such an extent as to make us liable to the charge of superficiality. This very attempt at what is termed in common parlance "keeping up appearances" often leads to a very unsafe method in social regulations as well as in the educational sphere of life. The youth becomes too early impressed with false ideas about his importance in the world, and is at once tempted to reach for general appreciation by the means of superficial acquirements. As a people, I suppose, we are but a half-educated race, and yet we attempt to hide our deficiencies by the unhealthy means of a vain appearance. It is no uncommon occurrence to see important positions in civil, governmental, and educational life filled by the incompetent.

Real culture, when considered from its right standpoint, unfolds to the thinking mind certain principles upon which the very development of its vitality depends; the first of which seems to be a love for the truth. All acquirements in knowledge, the discoveries in the natural world, the progress of art, and the very development of the religious element in the people, — all depend upon the great impulse in the hearts of men that leads them toward the universe of truth, which lies just beyond their present limit of advancement. As the leaf of the tender spring-time flower expands towards the light of the sun, and gains from its warmth the elements of life and bloom, so must the mind of man unfold before the enriching power of truth, until the soul has reached the maturity of a heavenly perfection. Nothing can hinder true advancement so much as the influence which comes from being satisfied with one's attainments. If a flattering world bows in appreciation of some worthy accomplishment, and the hero listens to its seductive praises, until his step falters, and he becomes like the god of old, charmed with his own image, he signs his own death warrant, and all subsequent progress is rendered impossible. And in no department of life is the effect of a love for the superficial in accomplishment so productive of harm as in the art world.

Bringing this characteristic of a love of display into our own domain, namely, the musical world, we can follow its influence for a moment, and perhaps profit by the lesson. The purpose of all art seems to be the cultivation of the Beautiful. In the word *beautiful*, as used here, we have a higher meaning than that which denotes a mere gratification of the artistic taste of humanity; for it seems to signify a reaching after the ultimate of what is lovely, even to an embodiment of heavenly purity in the noblest forms capable of manifestation. Thus we observe true art is influenced by a higher purpose than that of pleasing by mere displays, but rather aims at a positive good, even to making manifest the power of beauty in works that bear the holy stamp of truth. If we consider the great efforts of the truly endowed composer, we can but note that a love for his art — that is, the beautiful — influenced him in all his endeavors, and that his creations seem to bear the stamp of inspiration so far as they are removed from worldly forms and material or financial aims. An intention that contains a love of the beautiful for its own sake becomes a higher motive than one which looks at manifestation as a means of acquiring some personal aggrandizement, and is sure, when reinforced by positive ability and power, to accomplish works of great importance. Art when

taken in its highest sense, is as noble a power for the development of all that is good and great in a man as any that civilization can exert.

In the modern use of the word *virtuoso* (taken in its musical sense) we have an idea which, perhaps in many cases, has too great a bearing upon the technical dexterity of a performer, and not enough upon his connection with the real significance of art. Many critics write fluently upon matters of technique, and offer flattering praises for any wonderful feats of mechanical agility, but look very little upon the relation of the performer with the works which he interprets. Thus we hear more of the performer than of the music which he plays. To attend a concert is in too many instances but to be present at a show of the personal feats of some famous artist, who has won a reputation more from the brilliant manner in which he exhibits his agility, than for real merit as an interpreter of great music. To show his technique, his power, and endurance, seems in too many cases the aim of the performer. Thus a showy piece of a brilliant character is chosen for public performance with little intent but that of making a display of his own dexterity. In piano-forte playing some of the Liszt music of the most showy and brilliant kind is sure to fill the larger part of a programme, where virtuosity, — that is, display, — is the aim of the player. Real art must hide its head when the selfishly disposed performer attempts to make an exhibition of his own qualifications. For true art is something far higher than this, and the thoughtful and devoted follower will sink the very idea of self in his effort to lift his hearers into that inner circle where a sympathy for the beautiful makes a unity of feeling that forbids selfishness. Yet many of our young musicians are led on by the spirit of our age and country, and, in not reasoning out for themselves their relation to their art, often commit this sin against the true principles of an artist, unknowingly. Their best friends flatter their octave playing, their wonderful performance of rapid scale passages, and comment with complimentary words upon their power, until they consider displays of technique the essential qualifications of an artist, and make this the aim of their lives. So also the newspaper reporter, in far too many cases, applies this test, technical proficiency, as the criterion for his judgment upon all performances. Not that a perfect technique is to be deprived of its full importance in the classification of an artist's attainments, for it is of all things primarily necessary to his success as a performer. Yet it must not be regarded as more than a means towards the accomplishment of an end. That end is surely the interpretation of the musical ideas in whatever composition the artist may desire to perform. The true artist stands between the composer and the listener as an interpreter, and unless he would sink all idea of self ambition, and lose himself in the spirit of the music, and with faithfulness of aim make manifest the intentions of the author, he is not a sincere musician. The artist who is ambitious to shine for his technique and brilliancy of performance can hardly forget self long enough to find the spirit of his author, as he studies his compositions. He may, indeed, produce the piece with correctness of a technical character, and strive for a brilliant performance, for his ambition for display leads to this, but to seek for that depth of feeling, that refined sentiment that comes from conscientious study, and the truthful interpretation of the composer's intentions, requires a higher motive and a truer love for art. In a love for art, self stands sacrificed, while the artist becomes ennobled, and reaches the mountain height of attainment by the very giving up of himself to the object of his adoration.

It is no uncommon thing to have this vain motive of display tempt these followers after the difficult to commit great sacrileges with the classical compositions of the worthy old masters. We often see on our programmes pretty bits of melodic writing of some fine old composer tortured almost beyond recognition under the name of a modern arrangement, in order to be the means of showing how easy it is for some vain Knight of the Key-board to conquer difficulty. Not long since I heard a gigue of Mozart, which in its natural setting is a beautiful piece of quaint music, as fresh and fairy-like as the dance of some lovely nymph of classic time. In its new form, as arranged by Tausig, its simplicity, grace, and wondrous charm had all fallen before the modern mania for difficult execution, and just to satisfy the love for display of our new school of virtuoso piano-forte players. If we must have these showy pieces to enable the man to manifest his dexterity, at least let him play pranks with his own musical works, and keep the treasured compositions of the masters sacred for those that love them in their old sweet forms. To take liberties with the classic works in literature, and to attempt to deprive some old Grecian bard of his tuneful verses, by altering them to suit modern caprice, would bring out the condemnation of every scholar in the world. To pervert Plato, to alter a word in Shakespeare, or to change a line in Milton, would seem to be an unpardonable sin. Yet are the musical ideas of the old masters any less sacred and their own inherent property, than the thoughts of the literary lights of the world? Has the modern idea of display a right to commit depredations among the classic compositions of the greatest masters in the musical art world, and transform their stately melodies, through the means of *variations*, into distorted images of their once lovely forms? Every lover of justice should protest against innovations which deprive a composer of his own creations.

Chopin, that master tone-poet of modern time, whose music in many of his numbers is difficult enough for even modern ambition, has not been secure from the inroads of the piratical *arranger* of the present day, for I heard one of his smaller yet lovely waltzes that it had pleased his fancy to leave in a simple but graceful form, transformed into a work of difficulty to satisfy some ambitious performer. If a love of art had possessed the feelings of the transcriber, a correct taste would have indicated to him that some things are more beautiful because of their very simplicity. Is the timid and tender little violet of the spring-time less lovely, because there are other and more brilliant flowers that bloom in the warmer days of summer? Are there not differences in the forms with which Beauty may manifest herself, and yet be true to her glorifying instinct? The soft and gentle strain of melody that is born of a refined and tender inspiration may be as beautiful as some wonderful burst of harmony that carries awe with its grandeur. There is variety in the world of the beautiful, for one form may be lovely, and another quite as fair, and yet be different. In music it is not alone those compositions that are hard to execute that have a high rank as works of art. The stately, yet graceful and pure harmonies of Palestrina, and the simple little love-songs of Pergolesi, have a charm about them that comes from the real domain of true art, no matter if they differ from that greater depth of feeling grasped by the mighty intellect of a Beethoven.

Can modern musical inspiration surpass the fugal form that Bach developed to such perfection? Modern composers may, perchance, write a six-part fugue, or even one of ten parts, but contrapuntal talent has not yet surpassed even the smaller examples of this famous old master.

There is something beyond a knowledge of musical form necessary to produce works that bear the stamp of greatness, and even the disposition to write a very difficult work will not alone lift it into a high rank as a composition that will bear the test of time, and yet live in the world of art. It seems to me that this spirit of virtuosity that so often rules the young artist, sometimes also influences the modern composer, and in the effort to surpass the old works in regard to difficulty and character of effects, they lower the standard of the art, and die by reason of their own failures. In many of the compositions of Liszt for the piano-forte, it appears to me as if his wonderful talent for virtuoso playing had run away with his fancy, and that few musical lovers outside the rank of those knights of execution could catch the spirit of the mad whirl of notes, as they rush from one climax of difficulty to another, that is found in many of his works. It is refreshing to my mood and taste to turn to some of the quiet simplicity of even Mozart's music, and find there a more genial musical sympathy than any of the "Ungarische Rhapsodien" can excite.

A man of thought must believe in progress, and I have no doubt but that music in her onward development will reach higher degrees of excellence than have yet been obtained by even the great intellects of the past, for this art is yet young, and time is long, and human genius is far reaching in its aims, and will strive for even infinite perfection. But I also realize that talent must be excited by a higher motive than personal display of powers, to ever reach even the noble heights now held by the old masters of other generations. Like Schubert they must be willing to write for a future time, if their own age will not listen; and rest satisfied in the pleasure that creation gives, even if there is no recognition or applause coming from a thankless world to encourage them. The composer that sees in his art full compensation for whatever labor or time he may spend upon it, must have the spirit of genius within him; and that, as it develops into maturity, will bring him a more lasting acknowledgment than any that is born of a passing popularity. So also with the artist. One who dazzles the multitude will win money and a certain kind of fame, but his place may soon be filled by another more dexterous than he. In the real art-world, there is no cessation for the influence that comes from the activity of the conscientious artist, for we have but few honest interpreters who are influenced by a true intention.

In vocal performance, the same love of display is conspicuous among the singers in far too many cases. To win a certain kind of popularity by catering to the varying tastes of a capricious public, seems to be the aim of a large number of our concert singers. This influence even enters into the churches, and the religious worship is too frequently marred by an ambitious quartet, whose effort seems to be that of making a display of their vocal acquirements! Poor, but sensational music, is often chosen for selections that should be devotional, and worthy offerings to the praises of God. The third commandment contains no awe for the general choir-singer, for the name of the great Creator is too often taken for the mere use of vain vocal displays, rather than sung with that reverence that is its due.

Not many months have passed since a ship containing a crew of burlesque singers, was borne to this land upon the tidal wave of sensation. The revelry of their mirthful singing became universally contagious, until no part of the musical world seemed free from its sensational influence. Opera singers, concert vocalists, and church choirs, caught up the songs, until it

seemed as if the acme of every artist was to appear in the role of a buffo singer. Even the dignified representative of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* caught the infectious influence, and began "caroling to the moon," thereby verifying the truth of the adage, that in the musical world things were indeed "at sixes and at sevens." And the golden calf of scriptural fame under his modern form of money, sent showers of gold as offerings of praise to these musical rioters, proving that his influence in the present day, is as seductive as in the olden time. Alas! sensation is the coördinate factor of display.

While we all recognize the value of mirth, and can appreciate the benefit that comes to the people from hearty and fitting enjoyments, and would even approve of burlesques of an innocent order, yet to have the high circles of true art invaded by sensational influences can but be for the time deplorable. In the drama, the modern love for sensation has produced a certain class of plays, of which those of the "society" order are perhaps the least objectionable. But there has been a sad falling off, both in the plays produced, and in the actors educated, since this liking became general. A taste for the artistic in decoration, refinement in social life, purity in literature, the beautiful in painting, sculpture, and music, and the good in every thing, can only become general elements among humanity when the leaders of civilization speak in strong and powerful words against every influence that retards true culture. The musician who would grace his art by his adherence, must bring into its sphere the influence of a general culture. The mind that reflects with a universal recognition of the various interests that attract humanity, is more likely to bring to its own particular work the results of a wide culture, and is able by means of this greater store of knowledge to do more to advance whatever cause may be nearest its endeavor, than one who is narrowed down to a limited observation. Art is universal in its aim, for its purpose is the advancement of the beautiful. Painting seeks to embody the beautiful on the canvas, sculpture to preserve it in marble, and music to pulsate its influence through the medium of sweet sounds. The beautiful in nature is seen in its manifestation, the beautiful of religion in its purity and matchless precepts, the beauty of thought in poetry and in literature, the beautiful in humanity in the love of one's fellow-men, and throughout the whole universe in things seen and expressed in idea is this wonderful influence. The beautiful in the ultimate is the great spirit of God. And in this correlation of mental forces, so necessary to the full development of the perfect soul, will the artist and composer, even like the men in all classes and professions, find the only means to reach that vast height of attainment that shall bring the mind into communication with the vast thought and knowledge of the Infinite.

Out of the busy world, into the atmosphere of pure art, comes the art-student, bringing with him his humanity, energy, and love of the beautiful, and he must be content to leave behind him every element that is sensational or selfish in its desire for personal display, if he would reach that point of excellence that is worthy of a lasting reward. Music's power has within it an influence that will ennoble as well as charm, if one but listens to its pure manifestations of the beautiful, as they are heard in sweet sounds. Its grand harmonies proclaim the infinite. Its gentle songs murmur of love and faith, while its matchless chords will bind together every interest that would ennoble the soul of man, and make him worthy of his immortality.

CHICAGO, MAY 10, 1879.

TALKS ON ART. — SECOND SERIES.¹

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

IX.

You want work! and then, no work! You can put your model in better in half an hour than you can in a whole day. By rest you get polished and brilliant, and come to your work with a zest which makes you dissatisfied with everything which has not the essence of life. Work that is done by the day is filed down, and has no spontaneity.

You don't work intensely enough. I'd like, for a while, to see no carelessness, no thoughtlessness. Why do you put that line down there? For what? You don't cut velvet in that way; and velvet costs only six dollars a yard. What is velvet compared to your mind?

The best music teacher that I ever saw, Mlle. Michel, would not let her pupils touch a piano except under an instructor. I've heard a little fellow, one of her pupils, play Mozart's music as I never heard it played before. Beautifully regular and child-like — as Mozart was. Mlle. Michel had few scholars and enormous prices. Was in the third story of a house near Montmartre. I have heard Joachim and Klaus play the violin, but they did not move me like those little children playing with their professors. They could not play Chopin, but certain other things that were really beautiful.

Draw that ear carefully. It is permanent; always stays there. It can't laugh or cry. It is permitted to draw the other features with a little less care, because you reach an expression without great work.

It is only science that thinks of grays and half-tints — that the Lord never thought of. There's conscientiousness all through your studies. A little more tranquillity, a little more simplicity, would carry your work along immensely. If you only had a good idiot to work for you!

Lose yourself in looking for the effect that is governing a picture.

There's no such thing as common-place except in your own mind. No such thing as beauty except in your appreciation of it.

Don't rely on getting nature in the position that you want at just the moment when you want to see it. I painted that portrait of a boy standing, when the child was half the time turning somersaults upon the floor.

When the boy turned his head he took his ear with him.

You have put in his head without any body. You could take up his head as it is in your hand, and handle it as you would a ball. That boy's head is of value to him only as it is joined to his body. That interrogation-point (outline of the nostril) is too distinct. I see a beautiful mouth; but you have made it look like 3, 3, 3.

Hold a sheet of white paper behind that head, and see how dark the outline of that face is in light.

Keep your love of nature keen. The moment that you think how to do it, then you don't paint unconsciously. Some of my scholars ought to be able to paint, but they don't care enough.

You feel a great deal of certain parts of a thing. Instead of going to work and getting it all, you work too much on the one part that fascinates you.

Nothing like ambition to multiply lights. Conscientiousness and ambition play the Nick with pictures.

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As many outlines as you like; but have them of the right value.

The "Talks on Art" were written for mere students; but great artists read them. You may say they are contradictory. But they were addressed to different students. Some needed hasty-pudding, some Albert Dürer.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1879.

ORCHESTRAL PROSPECTS.

THE old problem of a permanent orchestra in Boston seems to be approaching an affirmative solution. Two separate manifestoes for the coming season have appeared. One announces, as a matter of course, our long accustomed symphony concerts under the auspices of the Harvard Musical Association. The other, a new enterprise, is a series of popular orchestral concerts, under the lead of Mr. Bernard Listemann, the well-known admirable violinist, who has withdrawn from his traveling companions of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, preferring to remain quietly, though not inactively, at home.

(1.) THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS left so agreeable an impression the last season, that all the omens look encouraging for their continuance. Everybody speaks hopefully about them. The orchestra, in spite of its few chances of rehearsal, and of remuneration reduced to the standard of the times, showed what good work it could do when animated by the right spirit and enthusiasm. The indefatigable conductor, Carl Zerrahn, really accomplished wonders with the men at his disposal for so few hours during four months only of the year. The programmes seemed to give general satisfaction. The audiences, to be sure, were not large enough, and the season, in spite of rigid economies, resulted in some pecuniary loss, though very small compared with several preceding seasons.

Now the Concert Committee of the Harvard Musical Association speak in a confident tone. Without apology or argument, without any *ifs* or peradventure, they have issued their circular at this early hour, in which, "encouraged by the interest manifested in these concerts during the past season, both on the part of the musicians and the public," they say they "feel already warranted in promising another series (the *fifteenth*), of at least eight concerts, in the months of December, January, February, and March next." This circular, which bears the names of the committee in full (J. S. Dwight, C. C. Perkins, J. C. D. Parker, B. J. Lang, S. B. Schlesinger, Chas. P. Curtis, S. L. Thorndike, Augustus Flagg, William F. Apthorp, Arthur Foote, and Geo. W. Sumner), proceeds as follows:—

The orchestra and leadership will be the best that Boston can command.

Of course it is not possible, so long beforehand, to announce the programmes in full; but it may be confidently stated that the proportion of important new works will be larger than usual, with due care that the great old masters shall be richly represented. Among the orchestral compositions which it is the intention to present, may be named the following:—

SYMPHONIES. *New:* Posthumous Symphony in F, by Goetz; "Symphonie Fantastique," by Berlioz; Second ("Spring") Symphony, by J. K. Paine. — *Old:* One by Mozart; the Fifth, and another by Beethoven; the great Schubert Symphony in C; the "Scotch," by Mendelssohn; and, possibly, the short one in B flat, by Gade.

OVERTURES: Beethoven, "Weibe des Hauses," Op. 124; Berlioz, "Benvenuto Cellini" (*first time*); Mendelssohn, "Die schöne Melusine;" Schumann, "Manfred;" Bargiel, "Medea;" Schubert, "Fierabras," "Rosamunde." More hereafter.

MISCELLANEOUS: One of Handel's Concertos (*first time*); Schumann's "Overture, Scherzo and Finale;" also (*first time*), Schumann's Concert-Stück, Op. 86, for four

horns, with orchestra; Bach's Chaconne, transcribed for orchestra by Raff; first movement of Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony; three short Marches from "Nozze di Figaro," "Zauberflöte," and "Fidelio;" Introduction to Third Act of Cherubini's "Medea;" Night March (*first time*) from Berlioz's "L'Enfance du Christ."

Other works may be found desirable and practicable as the concert season approaches. Solo artists, vocal and instrumental, will be announced in due time.

Subscription lists for season tickets, with particulars, will be opened early in the autumn. Meanwhile, any persons eager to lend assurance to the enterprise by an earlier pledge for tickets have only to send in their names to the Chairman (12 Pemberton Square), or to any member of the Committee.

This announcement, it will be seen, is not an appeal for subscriptions, which is left to a later and more convenient period. It is simply a giving notice before entering the accustomed field. Several new signs of encouragement have presented themselves. We will mention only one, and that perhaps the most important, namely: the prospect of a valuable accession to our orchestra; not only have we Mr. Listemann here again, but all the artists of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club will be available during the four months of these concerts, as they propose to confine their traveling to the autumn and the spring.

Now what is further needed for the regular and adequate supply of symphony concerts of the highest order in this musical community, is a much greater frequency of orchestral performances, so that the musicians may be kept in more continual practice together, and so that we may have our local orchestra *en permanence*. There is a fair chance that this need may be supplied through this new enterprise of Mr. Listemann.

(2.) **POPULAR ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.** Mr. Listemann's plan is simply, with a small orchestra, say thirty, of the best musicians of the Harvard orchestra, and at popular prices (fifty cents), to give in some large hall frequent concerts of mixed and popular, yet well chosen programmes, both of classical and light instrumental music, mostly orchestral, but with some instrumental solos. Mr. Listemann himself will wield the baton, and will also doubtless play some solos. Financially the organization will be conducted somewhat on the coöperative system, so that every member may be personally interested in its success. (It is intimated that Mr. L., with a few of his musicians, will give also some chamber concerts after the manner of the "Monday Pops" in London.)

Mr. Listemann's party takes the name of "The Boston Philharmonic Orchestra." From a conversation with him we understand that he proposes to make his concerts popular by giving a comparatively small allowance of symphony music, and more of light, bright, sentimental, in short, popular varieties. But such a man can be relied on to offer nothing which is not worthy and good of its kind, nothing coarse and vulgar, or too hackneyed. With so small a band he will confine himself, so far as symphonies are concerned, to the smaller symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, etc., leaving the larger works of Beethoven, Schumann, and more modern writers, to the larger orchestra. Nor indeed does he intend always to give an entire symphony, but only single movements. Thus the distinction will be quite well marked between these and the Harvard concerts. They need not interfere with one another; and, not interfering, they can only be of mutual benefit. It certainly should be a great gain to our orchestral music, and to the grand symphony orchestra, especially, to have the nucleus of that orchestra made permanent and always kept in practice. And it all tends directly to multiply inducements for good instrumental musicians to settle down contentedly in Boston.

SIGHTLESS SCHOLARS.

UNDER this head the *Advertiser* describes the closing exercises of the year at the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind, on Tuesday afternoon, June 24th. The education at this school, — which is of a very thorough and comprehensive kind, embracing not only reading, writing, and arithmetic, but many higher branches, as geography, history, ancient and modern, civil polity, literary history, natural history and philosophy, mental and moral philosophy, geology, Latin, and even optics (!) — may be said to be carried on in an atmosphere of music. For music is one of the prime objects of interest among the blind. They have excellent teachers, vocal and instrumental. They are made familiar with what is classical and best in music. You may hear there fugues of Bach upon the organ, sonatas of Beethoven on the piano-forte, and indeed the *répertoire* is large. And what is learned at all, is necessarily learned thoroughly; for every piece, however long and complicated, has to be acquired note by note *memoriter*. The concentration of the mind on sounds, and their relations, is naturally close with those who are deprived of sight. In an atmosphere, then, vibrating with harmony, where the young mind is always kept in wholesome, alternating, interesting exercise, and where mutual love and kindness between teachers and pupils seem to be all-pervading, it is no wonder that these unfortunates, as they are commonly regarded, seem to be so bright, intelligent, and happy. Certainly this was the delightful impression upon all who witnessed those most interesting exercises — a sort of Commencement on a modest scale — upon that beautiful June day. But let the *Advertiser* speak:—

When one sees on the street the apparently blind girl beggar, about whose neck hangs a placard requesting Christians all, both great and small, to take pity on her, the blind mother of six orphans all under nine years of age, the indignation at the imposture overpowers the compassion for the misfortune. But the truly unfortunate and honest blind, such as were gathered in the hall of the South Boston institute yesterday afternoon, appeals to one's sympathies as no asker of alms ever does. It was the close of the school year, and the blind pupils, the girls on the right of the hall and the boys on the left, were present, both to take part and to hear the farewell words spoken. Decorations of ferns, climbing ivy and bright flowers were arranged tastefully about the walls and organ, and hung from the ceiling. About seventy pupils were present; the body of the hall was filled with visitors, including members of the board of trustees, the Boston school committee, and South Boston clergymen. In the gallery, also, were other spectators. Programmes printed in raised letters were distributed by a blind pupil stationed at the door. At half past two the exercises began with Bach's Prelude and Fugue No. 3, which was played on the organ by Henry T. Bray, with true insight of the spirit of the composition. An object lesson by three girls and three boys followed. Cubical blocks of one inch dimensions were used, and various combinations made neatly and quickly at the word from the teacher, Miss M. L. P. Shattuck. A composition on the "Effects of War on Nations" was recited by William B. Hammond, — for the reader must remember that he had no eyes. Alice Cary's "An Order for a Picture" was then recited in a clear voice and appreciative manner by Mary McCaffrey, and next came Beethoven's Appassionata Sonata, Opus 57, the first movement (allegro), played by William H. Wade. One peculiarity of the young artist's playing was marked. He played as if he were wholly alone; as if no spectators were watching him; as if he were expressing his own soul in the music. Every note had a meaning which would have been in danger of extinction at an ordinary player's hands, and the accompaniment was more than usual an integral part of the theme. Miss Ella R. Shaw read with her fingers a composition of real delicacy about Apples; but it had the peculiarity of omitting colors from the mention of the good qualities of the fruit. After Arthur E. Hatch's declamation of Macaulay's opinion of the Puritans came Tully's "The Gypsy Maid," sung by Kittie Wheeler in a sweet voice. Little Charlie Prescott's natural-history exercise was full of interest, and then Henry B. Thomas recited Master Wade's composition upon "A Man is What he Makes Himself." The next exercise was Joseph R. Lucier's cornet solo of J. Hartmann's "The Favorite." The player was a master of his instrument, and played with wonderful power and facility. His low notes were especially full and firm, and the double-tonguing passages in the va-

riations on the theme were really brilliant. He was persistently applauded, and gave "Fair Harvard" in response to the encore. He was accompanied in both selections by a blind pianist. The recitation in geology was another well-performed exercise, and the bright little fellow who found the places on the map was a favorite. The lecturer, as he stood behind the table, looked like a professor. Henry T. Bray, who leaves the school now, spoke the good-bye, and the exercises closed with the "bell trio," from Pinafore, by female voices. It was charmingly done. Only three graduates this year, there being no regular class as last year.

At the close, brief remarks were made by Messrs. J. S. Dwight and R. E. Athorp of the trustees, the Hon. Henry B. Peirce, secretary of the Commonwealth, Dr. Thomas Brewer, Dr. L. D. Packard, the Revs. R. R. Meredith and S. S. Hughson, and Mr. W. T. Adams (Oliver Optic). Mr. Angnos presided during the exercises, and conducted them.

CONCERTS.

MRS. ANNA MAYHEW-SIMONDS, an accomplished pupil of Mr. Eugene Thayer, the organist, and of Mr. Carlyle Petersilea, the pianist, has just completed a series of six free organ and piano recitals. The former were given at the Berkeley-Street Church, two of the latter at the Meinaon (Tremont Temple), and the sixth and last in the great Tremont Temple, which was crammed full of listeners on Thursday evening, June 26, — a rare scene for a hot midsummer night! Mrs. Simonds's organ programmes included such works as Handel's fifth and sixth Organ Concertos; Bach's Doric Toccata, St. Ann's Fugue (E flat), and Fugue in C minor, Book II.; Schumann's "Skizzen;" an *Ave Maria* by Liszt; three Adagios by Volckmar; variations by Merkel, Thayer, and others.

In the first two piano recitals she performed Beethoven's E-flat Concerto (the accompaniment by Mr. Petersilea), and the "Moonlight" Sonata; Chopin's F-minor Concerto and Valse Brillante, in D flat, Op. 64; Mendelssohn's first Song without Words; and Liszt's Fantasias on *Lucia* and *Rigolette*. Miss Ellen D. Barrett sang Benedict's "Carnevale di Venezia," and Schubert's "Barcarolle;" and Miss Anna C. Holbrook Rossini's "Di Palpit," and Rease's "Absence."

Of all these recitals we were only able to attend the last, — that in the great hall with the great audience. The programme was an interesting one: —

1. Concerto, F minor, Op. 16 Henselt.
Allegro pathetic — Larghetto — Allegro Agitato.
2. Vocal, Ave Maria Briggs.
Miss Jessie Hallenbeck.
3. Valse Caprice, Op. 34 Scharwenka.
4. Quartet in E flat, Op. 12 Mendelssohn.
(For two violins, viola, and violoncello.)
Adagio non troppo, Allegro non tardante —
Canzonetta. Allegretto — Andante espressivo
— Molto Allegro e Vivace.
5. Vocal, a. In Autumn Franz.
b. Out of the Soul's great Sadness }
c. The Woods }
Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen.
6. Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2 Liszt.

The Henselt Concerto was accompanied by the Beethoven Quartet (of strings), and by Mr. Petersilea, who himself first performed this extremely difficult work in Boston in one of the earlier Symphony Concerts. The composition, though it abounds in brilliant effects, as well as in pleasing sentimental passages, lacks sustained inspiration; it was, perhaps, too serious an effort for the author of such felicities as "If I were a Bird." Mrs. Simonds proved herself fully equal to all its technical requirements, having a clear, firm touch, sure and facile execution, while her phrasing and entire interpretation was intelligent and expressive. She plays with enthusiasm. The very fresh, original, and piquant Valse by Scharwenka, which also has its peculiar difficulties, also showed her interpretative faculty in a fine light. We could not remain for the Rhapsodie Hongroise.

The Mendelssohn Quartet was beautifully and artistically played, and with true verve and fire, by Messrs. Allen, Akeroyd, Heindl, and Wulf Fries. The fascinating Canzonetta, so quaint and ballad-like, was enthusiastically encored. — Miss Hallenbeck, a youthful pupil of Sig. Cirillo, has a fresh, clear, rich, mezzo soprano voice, and made a pleasing impression by her singing. Of course Mrs. Allen's rendering of the three Franz songs was a choice feature of the concert; but why was "Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen" translated "Out of the Soul's great sadness"?

MISS HENRIETTA MAURER. — This young lady, formerly a pupil of Mr. Petersilea, attracted the attention of Rubinstein when he was here by the fine promise of her piano playing, and, by his recommendation, she has been studying with his brother Nicholas Rubinstein at the Conservatory in St. Petersburg. A complimentary reception was given her on Wednesday evening, June 25, in Palladio Hall. That being Commencement Day at Cambridge, we could not attend. We have heard high praise of her performance in the following programme: —

- Concert-Stück Weber.
(Two Pianos.)
Miss H. Maurer and Mr. C. Petersilea.
Song, "Les Rameaux" Faure.
Mr. V. Cirillo.
Aria, "Il Carnevale di Venezia" Benedict.
Miss Ellen D. Barrett.
Piano Solo, "Masaniello, Tarantella" Liszt.
Miss H. Maurer.
Aria, "Pace mio Dio" Verdi.
Mrs. L. F. C. Richardson.
Violin, "Fantasia Brilliant" Arlot.
Mr. Wm. Dorn.
Piano Solo, { a. "Nocturne" Chopin.
 { b. "Air with Variations" Handel.
Miss Maurer.
Song, "Odi Tu" Mattei.
Mr. Cirillo.
Ballade, "Guide au lord à nœlle" Meyerbeer.
Mrs. Richardson.
Piano, "Valse de Concert" Wieniawski.
Miss Maurer.
Song, "When the Tide Comes In" Millard.
Miss Barrett.
Duett, "L'Addio" Cirillo.
Mrs. Richardson, Mr. Cirillo, Miss Maurer.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CINCINNATI, JUNE 19. — The week of the Saengerfest is over, and, as the excitement is gradually yielding to the comparative quiet which reigns in musical circles, I find time to make short mention of the closing concerts of the College of Music. A sketch of the Saengerfest must be reserved for a special communication. In the eleventh Orchestra Concert a novelty was presented in a symphony of Bach for orchestra and organ. It is a short and unpretentious work, interesting to the musician on account of the peculiar manner in which especially the wind instruments are employed. The second number on the programme was "At the Cloister Gate," Op. 20, by the young Norwegian composer, Grieg. It comprises a soprano solo, a few short phrases for alto solo, and a closing choral for women's voices, with full orchestral accompaniment. Its lyric character throughout was calculated to give Miss Norton an opportunity for doing justice to herself; for her talent thus far seems to lie in that direction. She depicted admirably in the weird strains of the composition the longing with which a woman betrayed in love, and a witness to the murder of her brother by her lover, knocks at the cloister gate, attracted there by the chants of the nuns. Questioned by the nun at the gate she recites the story of her woe, and as the choral sounds from within is admitted. The composition proves the author to be at home in orchestral effects. It is strained throughout, however, and suffers from the habit of constantly playing with harsh dissonances, which like an epidemic seems to have taken hold on the composers of to-day, especially the lesser ones. Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony followed. In its transparency and delicacy it is indeed a test-stone for an orchestra; the slightest want of unity in the strings, or heaviness in the wind instruments, is most painfully felt. Notwithstanding these difficulties a very good rendering was given.

A repetition of the second act from the "Flying Dutchman," with the same cast as in the previous concert, was followed by Liszt's illustration of Kaulbach's celebrated painting in the Berlin Museum, of "The Battle of the Huns," for orchestra and organ. It is a very noisy composition,

replete with all sorts of effects, but to me by no means suggestive of the picture, which with all its confusion and tumult, even the battle of the spirits of the slain, which hover over the battle-field, — is nevertheless so perfectly symmetrical and, with all its horrors, so idealized as not to be repulsive or bewildering to the eye. In Liszt's composition the grand choral at the close with organ and orchestra is, from the stand-point of effect, wonderful.

In the twelfth and last orchestra concert the college choir made its appearance in a work which almost more than any other is calculated to test the mettle of chorus singers. Bach's Cantata: "My Spirit was in Heaviness," abounds in the most trying difficulties for soloists and the chorus. That it was rendered in many parts excellently, and in others satisfactorily, is high praise for the college choir. Had Bach intended this composition for a large chorus and not for a small number of singers trained under his own supervision, he would surely not have made demands which it is almost impossible to satisfy. Want of space prevents me from speaking of the single numbers of the cantata; the first chorus, however, "My spirit was in heaviness," which in intonation, and especially in style, is the most difficult, is deserving of especial mention for the smoothness and clearness with which it was sung. The soloists were Miss Norton, Miss Cranch, Mr. Darby, and Mr. Hill.

To render Bach's music in good style requires the most thorough musical culture. The numerous mannerisms, which no composer can perfectly disown, are so foreign to our present musical tendency, that only constant, unremitting study of the style peculiar to Bach and his time can enable a singer to amalgamate them with the entire composition so as to make them appear less trivial. Whether it is wise or not to omit and change many of these groups, as is frequently done in editions revised by prominent musicians of the present day, I will not attempt to decide. Miss Norton succeeded in meeting the exacting demands of her part as far as her resources permitted. The constant strain on the voice which the use of the high register brings with it, cannot but disturb the ease and repose which are the primary requisites in Bach's music. There were many praiseworthy points in her singing; the first air especially: "Sighing, weeping" was rendered in a noble and dignified style. The same difficulties appear in the tenor part. Mr. Darby bravely battled with them, and rather successfully too. Mr. Hill, in the trying duet for soprano and bass: "Come my Saviour," sustained his part well, though his voice has not sufficient volume for the large hall. The solo quartets, in which Miss Cranch sustained the alto part, were sung with precision and certainty. I have spoken somewhat at length of the rendering of this work, as it was indeed a very momentous undertaking. The concert and with it the first season closed with a very good and clear interpretation of the wonderful A major symphony, No. 7, by Beethoven, in which the remarkable progress made under the careful training of Mr. Thomas was especially noticeable.

The last one of the series of chamber concerts by the Thomas quartet, presented the following programme: —

- Quartet, E minor Verh.
Messrs. Jacobsohn, Thomas, Baetens, and Hartdegen.
Andante and variations, Op. 46 Schumann.
Messrs. Doerner and Schneider.
Quartet No. 7, F major, Op. 59 Beethoven.
Messrs. Jacobsohn, Thomas, and Hartdegen.

Great interest was manifested to hear the Verdi quartet. The remarkable, almost anomalous course which this composer's development has taken, has attracted the most widespread attention and given rise to much comment. The favorable criticisms which even German musicians accorded to this work certainly caused every one to listen to it with predilection. And yet I must acknowledge to have been disappointed. While there are many points of beauty the entire style struck me as being in contrast with what we are accustomed to hear in a string quartet. Intuitively the musician expects a certain breadth and dignity which the classical writers have without exception infused into this form. If the four movements had been designated in any other way than as forming a string quartet, my individual impression would have been more favorable. The first movement (Allegro) is beyond a doubt the most dignified of the four. The Andantino reminds one irresistibly of ballet music. The last two movements (Prestissimo and Scherzo, fuga, Allegro assai mosso) improve on this, but do not strike me as being equal to the first, either in conception or musical workmanship. Of the favorite "Andante and Variations," by Schumann, Messrs. Doerner and Schneider gave a very good rendering. With the celebrated F major quartet, Op. 59, by Beethoven, the first of the "Rasumowski" quartets, this memorable series of concerts closed. When the performances have all been marked by so high a degree of excellence it would be "carrying owls to Athens" to laud the interpretation of this wonderful work. The members of the quartet, Messrs. Jacobsohn, Thomas, Baetens, and Hartdegen, have proven themselves such perfect artists in execution and cultivated musicians in interpretation, that special mention is unnecessary. To the lovers of the highest in music these quartet evenings have indeed been a boon. How deeply they realized this was evident from the enthusiasm with which at the close of the last chamber concert the hearers demanded the reappearance of the artists in order to be able to express their gratefulness.

by renewed applause. A very neat and well arranged pamphlet has been issued by the College of Music, containing the programmes of the orchestra and chamber concerts of the past season, together with interesting miscellaneous information pertaining to the establishing of the institution. It will be a valuable landmark to all interested in the progress of musical culture in the country, and especially in the West. An interesting feature to organists is the list of compositions performed by Mr. Whiting at the organ matinees, a repertoire extensive as it is excellent in point of the character of the works it embraces. The announcement that the organ concerts are to be continued during the summer meets with universal approbation. Mr. Thomas, with his orchestra, will appear during the summer months in the Highland house, a most delightful hill-top resort; already two concerts have been given before large and elegant audiences.

CHICAGO, JUNE 25, 1879. — On the evening of June 16, the Beethoven Society gave its closing performance for the season, presenting Verdi's *Requiem Mass*. They had the assistance of Miss Annie Louise Cary, Miss McCarthy, Mr. Charles Adams, and Mr. George W. Conly as soloists, and a large orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Carl Wolfsohn, the conductor of the society. The performance was given in Haverly's Theatre, and the stage was arranged with a cathedral scene and decorated after the manner of the first representation in the Royal Opera House in Vienna, where the work was under the direction of the composer. The society had taken much pains to prepare the work for performance, engaging the best solo talent, and the result was that the mass received most satisfactory treatment. Miss Cary sang the high and difficult music of the mezzo-soprano part with telling effect, particularly in her solo numbers. In the "Quid sum miser" her high A flat came out with fine power, and indeed the noble tones of her rich voice gave a beauty to the part that was delightful to hear. I know of no singer who gives more universal satisfaction than Miss Cary, for no matter what music she sings, there is an honesty of purpose about every effort, and she stamps all her work with the conscientious intent of the true artist. Miss McCarthy, the soprano of the evening, has a large and telling voice, and as she has had much experience in singing mass music, being a member of a Catholic church choir for a long time, the result of her study was manifest in her fine performance of the part. Mr. Charles Adams unfortunately was not in his best voice, but yet his work indicated feeling, good taste, and the spirit of an artist. He gave the tenor solo "Iugemisco" with fine effect, and his voice was quite satisfying in the high tones, but the effort seemed to deprive him of his best powers for the rest of the evening. Mr. Conly sang the bass part for the first time, and as he has had but little experience in music of this character, it is not to be wondered at, that his success was only a partial one. The chorus was well up in its work, and had the orchestra been a little more subdued in the soft passages, in which the mass abounds, the effect would have been more pleasing. The question of an adequate orchestral accompaniment is one that will have to be met before long in this city, if our musical societies would perform great works with that refinement of vocal finish of which they are fully capable. We need an orchestral organization, under the charge of a good and earnest conductor, which shall devote its energy toward the perfection of an orchestra worthy of the name. Mr. Carl Wolfsohn had a picked number of men in his band for the performance of the mass, but even with good musicians it is quite impossible in a few rehearsals to obtain that balance, and finish of playing, so necessary in a large and important work. I hope that we shall have an organization next season which shall have for its aim the perfection of an orchestra, the study and performance of symphonies, and other orchestral works, and tend to harmonize the elements into a perfect whole. It is time that positive work was undertaken in this direction.

On the evening of June 23, Mr. H. Clarence Eddy gave his one hundredth organ recital, presenting a very remarkable programme, inasmuch as eight of the pieces had been composed expressly for that occasion. Gustav Merkel of Dresden, Faist of Stuttgart, De Lange of Cologne, Rogers of Paris, S. B. Whitney of Boston, each furnished a composition, while our home composers, Gleason, Pratt, and the organist himself, added offerings. The completion of such an undertaking as the performance of one hundred recitals of organ music, without the repetition of any number, deserves more than a passing notice. Looking over the programmes, a full record of which I have kept, I find that there have been one hundred and thirty-five different composers represented. At each recital a selection from Bach has been played, until the concertos, sonatas, preludes, fugues, toccatas, chorals, fantasies, gavottes, and arrangements from larger works, have made the goodly number of one hundred and seven fine compositions of this great master. All his most important organ compositions have been played.

Following the list in respect to the different periods of musical development, we find Handel represented with twenty-three compositions, comprising his organ concertos, the fifth suite, fugues, and arrangements of his overtures, and other works. It may be remembered that his concertos have been rearranged for organ alone, by Schwab and De Lange, having been originally written with an accompaniment for other instruments. Scarlatti's famous "Katzen Fuge"

we find arranged for the organ by Mr. Eddy himself, while Mozart has been represented by ten compositions, mostly transcriptions by Haupt, Best, Van Eyken, and Gottschlag. All of Mendelssohn's organ sonatas have been played, his preludes and fugues, and other compositions, numbering some thirty-two selections. Schumann's name is down for fifteen compositions, embracing his fugues on B-A-C-H, "Canonica Studies," and some arrangements of larger works. Spohr's compositions are presented by thirteen numbers, while Haydn's name adds five more. Some transcriptions from Schubert bring his fame to remembrance, while Beethoven's overtures, symphonies, and other works, have been made to meet the requirements of the organ, by good arrangements.

The name of Krebs brings to memory the history of "ye olden time" when music was enriched by the great creations of the forefathers of the art. Palestrina, and Frescobaldi recall the early development of the art in Italy, when music blossomed into being in the "land of song." The organ, in its wide-reaching way, even grasped for the music of Chopin, for four of his compositions were transcribed, and thus enlarged the list of representative men. Coming down to modern time, Merkel, of Dresden, has thirty-five compositions embracing sonatas, single and double fugues, pastorales, fantasies, and other pieces for the organ. His sonatas have been regarded as fine models of modern composition, and are doubtless among the most important works for the organ ever written. Guilman, too, among the writers of to-day, has a large number of compositions for this instrument, and in this series is represented by thirty-five numbers. The name of Thiele recalls the virtuoso-music, his "Concert Satz" in E-flat minor, two in C minor, and the "Chromatic Fantasia and Fuge," besides other numbers, have graced the programmes.

Saint-Saëns, Liszt, and transcriptions from Wagner have presented each in their turn new departures in music. Yet Von Weber was not forgotten, nor the sons of Bach, and the names Rossini, Flotow, and Gade added contrasts of no quiet order. Raff was represented by a fugue, and a grand canon in B flat, while a number called "Winterruhe" (Repose in Winter), gave no suggestion of the "inevitable March," unless the thought of Charles Lamb's "famous fault" called up the idea. Dietrich Buxtehude recalls the state of musical progress in 1650, and Zipoli in 1700; while Dr. Volkmar indicates the culture of to-day by many of his best compositions for this "mighty instrument." Franz Lachner, too, was represented by some pleasing sonatas, while Charles Marie Widor's grand organ symphonies indicated in a masterly manner new possibilities for that instrument. They called forth the high praises of our musicians. Liszt's arrangement of the famous *Miserere* of Allegri was an interesting reminder of the former generations, and their place in the grand development of the musical art. The pure musical thought of Pergolesi was not forgotten, and selections from his *Stabat Mater* indicated to us his claim for remembrance. Kühnstedt, and Rheinberger, with Faist, Smart, and Reinecke, bring us to our own day again. Our own country was represented by Buck, Thayer, Whiting, Singer, Carter, Morgan, Gleason, and others. Haupt, the celebrated teacher and musical scholar, had two manuscript compositions performed during the series. Hesse, Van Eyken, Lemmeus, Best, Lux, Batiste, Richter, and even Link by a fugue on "Bach" were on the list. Wely, Schneider, and Hummel made variety again possible. Orlando di Lasso, of the year 1520, was brought to our hearing by an arrangement of Liszt's. The name of Hatten recalled not "The Little Fat Man" but his fine playing of the fugues of Bach, as one of his own found its way into public hearing. Sterndale Bennett and Sir Michael Costa suggest the English school, while the name of John A. West indicates the promise of even a Chicago musician making his way in the wide field of composition.

I have thus passed quickly over the names of some of the composers represented in this series of one hundred recitals, simply to show the magnitude of the undertaking. The total number of pieces played has been about six hundred, embracing the compositions of every school and of the representative men in all countries that have taken a part in the progress of the musical art. To perform such a task week after week, and bring out a fine programme of fresh music each time required great endurance, hard study, and remarkable ability. The uniform artistic character of Mr. Eddy's playing has been a subject of wonder on the part of all who understood the magnitude of the undertaking. He richly merits high praise for what he has accomplished. The list of programmes will also make a valuable catalogue of what is good in organ music for every student and organist.

C. H. B.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE CINCINNATI SAENGERFEST. — A caustic and plain-spoken correspondent addresses the following "Anti-Teutonic [and we fear too just] View of the Proceedings" to the Musical critic of the *Boston Courier*: —

"The programme of the twenty-first Singers'fest of the North American Singebund included a street parade, seven concerts, and a picnic. The amount of enthusiasm displayed, in the streets, by the Germans of the city is astounding to the cooler-blooded and more sincere Americans. Everything wears a holiday look. Flags, evergreens, banners and outrageous portraits of the masters are seen everywhere on the

outsides of buildings. The parade consisted of 5,000 paraders and was witnessed by 100,000 people. You see it cost nothing to see this part of the show. The Music Hall was about two thirds full at the first concert, and half of those went home before it was over. Let me digress here long enough to say that the Germans of this town are the worst lot of hypocrites (musically considered) there are to be found. They are wild over friends, picnics, beer, and brass bands. But put before them a solid feast of intellectual music, and they won't listen to it, nor pay for it, nor comprehend it when they do condescend to listen to it. Three fourths of the audiences at these festival concerts are Americans; the remainder are Germans of high intelligence naturally, or who have become so by association with Americans. Over a beer-shop you read 'Er nicht liebt wein, weil und gesang,' and so forth. Now this is the position: Wein (beer) comes first, and poor gesang last. In other words gesang has no chance until wein and weil have palled upon the Teutonic appetite. This assumption of superiority in musical matters is founded in ignorance and cultured in stupidity. Let it be plainly understood that the Fest is nothing more nor less than a grand spree, beginning in a street parade and ending in a picnic and beer. The programmes include two large works — *St. Paul* and Verdi's *Requiem*. The list of composers runs down to Donizetti, Abt, and a host of obscure German worthies. The programmes are too short in some cases, too long in others, and are always incongruous. The chorus is robust and hearty, and sings pretty well when they know their parts. The orchestra is better and has played finely. The *Leonora* overture went viley, but the conductor was at fault. Mr. Thomas has no part in the affair; he fled to Chicago on the opening night and has not since been heard from. Of the soloists, Madame Otto Alasleben is the bright and expensive star. They imported her from Germany at a cost of \$3,000, an error in valuation of just \$2,800. She is pretty good as far as she goes, but she don't go far enough. The other soloists are not worth mentioning, aside from Mr. Whitney and Mr. Remmert, being mostly resident singers. My estimate is made from a strict standpoint, and of course would be greatly modified if seen through the bottom of a beer glass. I can discover no good to art from the affair, and believe that encouragement of such undertakings is more injurious than beneficial. Other festivals held throughout the Union are so far superior to the one under notice that comparisons are absurd. Let me indulge the hope that the progressive spirit of the times may force upon the people a wider education and that such scenes as have occurred at this Fest will not be repeated. Think for a moment, good Bostonians, of a singer coming on the stage drunk, clear through, falling asleep before the audience, and tumbling over into the orchestra. I am so thoroughly a 'Melican man' that I do not believe any American singer would be guilty of such behavior.

"CINCINNATI, JUNE, 1879."

CINCINNATI, JUNE 27. — The Musical Festival Association, of Cincinnati, has offered a prize of \$1,000 for the best musical composition by a native American composer, to be sung at the musical festival in 1880. Mr. Theodore Thomas was appointed by the association one of five gentlemen who are to pass on the merits of the work, and now the other four judges have been appointed and have accepted the trust. The full board is as follows: Theodore Thomas, president; Dr. Leopold Damrosch, of New York; Asger Hamerick, Baltimore; Otto Singer, Cincinnati; and Carl Zerrahn, Boston.

A PRECIOUS PRESENT TO AN ORGANIST. — The following incident occurred at the one hundredth organ concert of Mr. Eddy, of which our Chicago correspondent writes above: "Just before the last number of the programme, Miss Grace Hiltz, in a neat little speech, presented Mr. Eddy, in the name of the pupils and patrons of the Hershey School, with the magnificent edition of Bach's music published by the Bach Gesellschaft, at Leipzig, numbering twenty-five volumes.

MR. CARL ROSA's repertory will next year include such operas as *Lohengrin*, *Aida*, *Rienzi*, *Mignon*, *Carmen*, and other works, with possibly, as a special novelty, the *Taming of the Shrew*, of the lamented Hermann Goetz.

THE two French composers, M. Saint-Saëns and M. Massenet, have been commissioned by Ricordi, the Milan musical publisher, to set two Italian librettos, which are to be produced in Italy. M. Massenet's score will be on the "Erodiade," by Sig. Zinardini, who also supplies M. Saint-Saëns with the book "Il Macedone," based on the history of Alexander the Great.

Mlle. ANNA MEHLIG gave her morning concert at St. James' Hall (London) on Monday, June 9. The pianist selected for her solos Bach's organ prelude and fugue in E minor, transcribed for piano by Liszt, Haydn's variation in F minor, Field's Nocturne in A, and a Tambourin of Raff. With Herr Strauss, Mlle. Mehlig played the Fantasia in C, Op. 159, of Schubert, she led the piano quintet in G minor, Op. 99, of Rubinstein, and with Madame Essipoff she played the Rondo in C, Op. 73, for two pianos, of Chopin. The vocalists were Mlle. Redeker and Herr Elmblad, the latter singing national Swedish songs.

